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THE CITY OF MADRAS; THROUGH THE SURF.

The city of Madras is located on the eastern side of the Peninsula of India, on the shores of the Bay of Bengal, or Indian Ocean, 400 miles north of Cape Comorin, the southern point of India, and 900 miles south of Calcutta and 650 from Bombay, on the opposite side of the peninsula.

It was founded in 1639, when its site was granted by a native prince named Chennappa to Mr. Francis Day, the Agent of the British East India Company, which was just then acquiring possessions on the Coromandel coast. The East India Company at once set to work to build a strong fort on that site, which they named Fort St. George. That fort is still standing, and may be seen on the left hand of our illustration. In the fort are still the Government Offices, where a Governor, sent out from England once in five years, with his Council, rules over 40,000,000 of people.

For a great commercial and political city of half a million inhabitants Madras is extremely unfortunate in its location. It is built on a low, level plain right on the shore of the Bay of Bengal, or Indian Ocean, with no natural harbor and no navigable river into which sea craft can come.

The plain is so low that the most populous part of Black Town, the crowded native part of the city, is only six feet above the level of the sea at high water, and is in constant danger of being inundated by tidal waves.

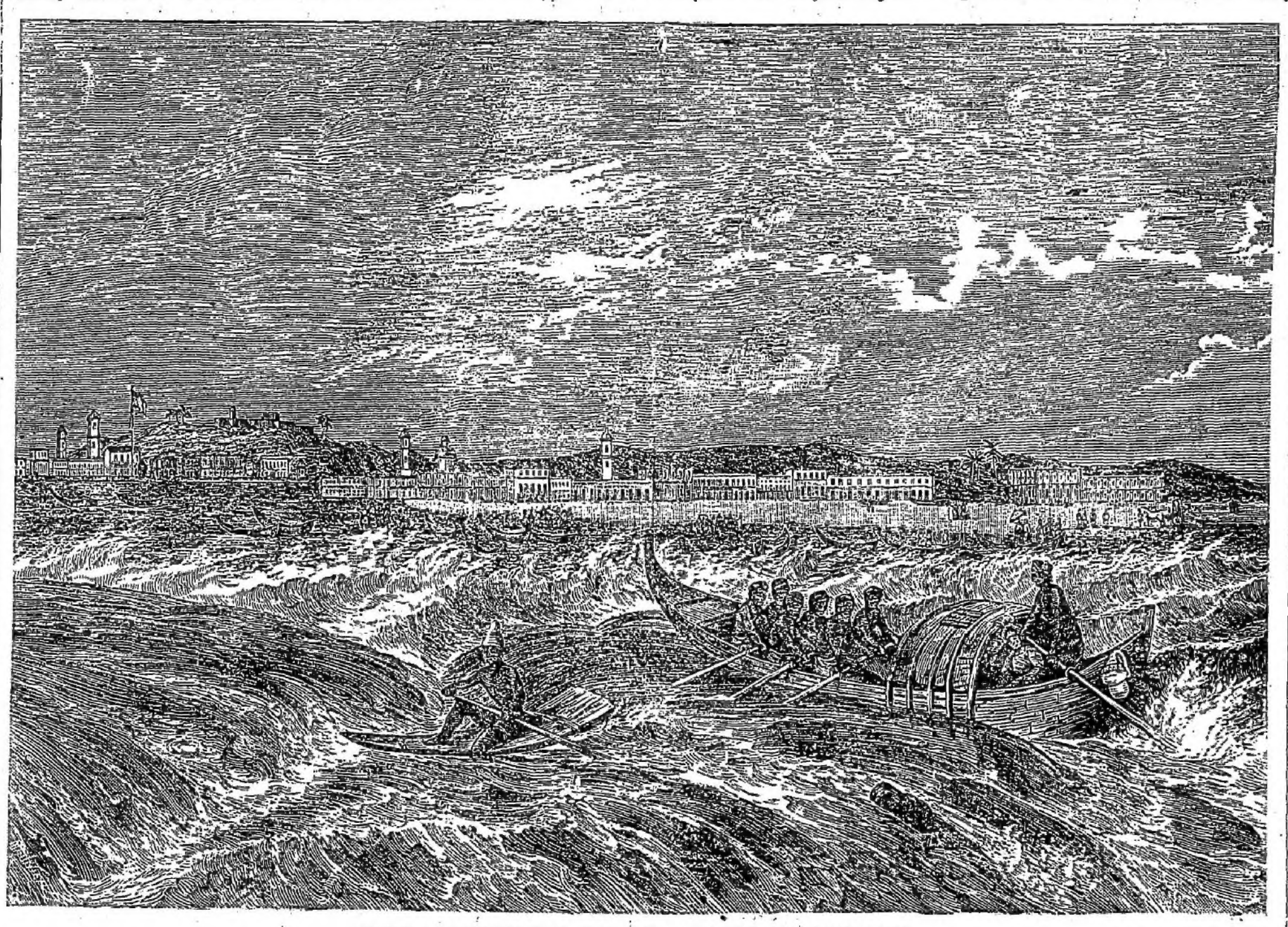
In 1864 a tidal wave some nine feet high did sweep over the land at Masulipatam, 250 miles north of Madras and lying low as Madras does, and rolled inland for twenty miles, carrying everything before it. Thirty thousand human beings lost their lives in that one dread night. The next year, during the monsoon, smaller tidal waves began to appear at Madras. The city was seized with a panic, and thousands upon thousands of natives rushed inland to places of safety.

Lying so low, it cannot be properly drained and is subject to frequent visitations of cholera, which is, however, usually of a mild type. Only now and then at long intervals does a more virulent type of that disease appear, and then thousands are soon swept away by it.

Being situated so low upon a plain and far within the tropics, the heat in Madras is very great. The only redeeming feature is its glorious sea-breeze, which usually in the hot season springs up before noon and blows until dark. This breeze is called "The Doctor," so invigorating and health-giving is it in the midst of this furnace heat.

An English traveller, after visiting India, in writing an account of his travels, said, "There are two seasons in Madras, three months of hot weather and nine months of very hot." And he was not far wrong. A few years ago, in January, the coldest or coolest month, the Madras daily papers remarked on the unusually cold weather, colder than ever witnessed before by the "oldest inhabitant." The thermometer had actually gone down to 60°! By February it touches 90° and March 100°, and hotter in April and May, and the heat continues until October. The houses are built to guard against heat, not cold, and in all European houses the punka begins to swing in February and swings till November. This is a large fan or board some twelve or fifteen feet long, or nearly as long as the room is wide, hung by ropes from the lofty ceilings, and, by means of a cord passing through the wall of the house, pulled on the outside by a relay of native coolies, by day in the sitting and dining rooms and by night in the bed-rooms. This is as necessary to the health of Europeans on the plains in India as a fire is in houses here in the winter.

Madras is a very straggling city. It reaches for nine miles along the sea and averages about three and a half miles wide. Out of about a half-million of population some 30,000 are Europeans and the mixed descendants of Europeans and natives, who, however, all dress in European costume and use the English language. Some 40,000 more are Mohammedans, descendants of the Mohammedan invaders of many centuries ago. They all speak the Hindustani language. The rest are mainly Tamil and Telugu speaking Hindoos, but with a mixture of smaller numbers from many lands using



LANDING THROUGH THE SURF AT MADRAS.—CATAMARAN AND MASULLA BOAT.

many languages. Indeed, it is quite a polyglot city, for not less than twelve languages are used in the city of Madras in daily intercourse.

As seen from the sea the city has a very peculiar aspect, as the buildings are nearly all of brick and stuccoed with chunam, which is a very fine mortar composed of white sand and lime made by burned sea shells ground together. It takes a high polish and has very much the appearance of Parian marble. The roofs are mostly terraced or flat, the houses being from one to three stories in height.

Some six miles back from the shore is St. Thomas' Mount, seen in the illustration back of the fort. It is a hill rising only a few hundred feet above the surrounding plain. It takes its name from the apostle Thomas, who, according to a tradition supported by many plausible arguments, himself came to India to introduce Christianity, and who is said to have died and been buried on the top of this hill, giving it its name. Here one or two regiments of English troops are always stationed ready for the defence of the city. European troops also garrison the fort, and Sepoy or native regiments are located at various places on the land side of the city.

Our illustration gives simply a sea view of a very small part of the town, showing a part of the fort and a part of the chief business front of the city. To the south of the fort is the Governor's palace in a fine, deep park of some thirty acres, and just beyond it the new Senate House of the Madras University, while adjoining the terraced building at the right of the picture now stands the "Madras Christian College," within whose walls daily study between 800 and 1,000 students. Most of them indeed are Hindoos and Mohammedans, but all the classes have a daily exercise in the Bible, for which they prepare with as much care as for any other exercise in the course. The leaven is thus being introduced into Hindoo Society.

THE SURF.

That feature, however, which most distinguishes Madras from all other seaports and commercial centres is its surf. There are always, even in the mildest weather, three lines of breakers between the anchorage and the shore. The outer line breaks in the mildest weather 300 feet from shore and is about three feet high, and two others similar gather and break between that and the shore. But when the northeast monsoon comes on with violence in the autumn the breakers form 1,000 feet from shore and are stated to be fourteen feet high. No boat can live in them then. Large ships have to come to anchor from one to two miles from the beach in from seven to ten fathoms of water, and all passengers and cargo have, until recently, had to be landed in what are termed masulla boats.

These masulla boats are of very singular construction. They have no keel and no ribs, and not a nail or bolt of any sort is used in their construction. No boat made with ribs and with bolts can stand the surf.

The ordinary masulla boat will carry some five tons of cargo. The one in our illustration is a very small one and could only be used when the surf is low. They are made by bending long teakwood planks into shape with the aid of oil and heat and sewing them together with strong cords, made often of the fibre of the aloe, or century plant. Fine rushes or salt grass are placed over the joints or cracks where it is sewed, and the cords pass around these rushes, drawing them into such a compact mass that very little water leaks in, and what does so leak in is every few minutes bailed out by one of the boatmen. Thus constructed, the boats bend and yield to the breakers and ride through when the strongest English boats built with ribs are dashed to pieces in a moment.

Thirteen is the regulation crew for the ordinary masulla boat, and they propel it with oars consisting of long poles with a heart-shaped piece of wood tied on the end as a blade. The boat has no rudder; none could stand the waves. The steersman, or "Tindal," as he is called, stands in the stern and steers with a long oar. When passengers are carried a little cover is put over near the stern of the boat, but when the surf is very high even this is removed, and the passengers must submit to the inevitable drenching.

The boatmen seem almost amphibious. They are clad with only a small cloth around the loins. They row with a cheery song from the ship towards the shore until they come to the outermost breaker. They poise their boat at exact right angles to the expected breaker. If the boat swerves to the right or left the boatmen on the other side instantly spring overboard, catching hold of the side of the boat, that their bodies may serve as a weight and drag to keep the boat from being upset or driven broadside by the next wave. When the surf is high, going through it is very exciting work. The shouts of the tindal giving orders, the yelling of the men, and the roaring of the breakers almost make you deaf, while you have to clutch the plank on which you sit with determined grip to keep from being thrown out as the boat is tossed like an eggshell from the top of an angry breaker. I have several times been in when the boat was thrown upon its side, and once my little boy was pitched headlong out, but caught by one of the boatmen in the water. The boat is so constructed that it rights itself at once, and if it does take in a ton of water it only steadies it the more.

The little raft seen in the picture near the masulla boat is what is known as a "catamaran." It is made of three buoyant logs of wood tied together. The word catamaran means simply "tied-wood." The amphibious boatmen will go with this catamaran when even a masulla boat cannot live. When the flag is flying from the fort flagstaff indicating "communication with shipping in the roads very dangerous" owing to very angry surf, these undaunted catamaran men can be hired for a few dollars to take despatches out to the ships at anchor. Aiming the sharp point of the catamaran at the ten-foot breaker, they paddle with all their might, and just as the breaker is towering over them they slip from the logs into the water, and holding the rope dive with the catamaran under the breaker and rise to the surface to repeat the task, until at last they reach the ship with the despatches tied in oilcloth and lashed under a tight rush helmet to the head, all safe and dry.

The Government of Madras is now expending millions of dollars in endeavoring to construct an artificial harbor at Madras, but thus far with only partial success, owing to the terrific north-east monsoon storms. If it is successful that will in time do away with the masulla boats and the excitement and sometimes danger of landing through the Madras surf.—*Rev. J. Chamberlain, D. D., M. D., in Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

TELLING MOTHER.

There is one thing I wish to speak of that seems to me of great importance, and that is that mothers should have the perfect confidence of their children. When I was a child my good mother taught me from my earliest recollection not only to have perfect confidence and faith in God and to often lisp to him my baby prayer, but also to confide to her every childish secret. She led me to believe (and I think rightly) that it was as wrong to conceal any act of naughtiness from her as to commit the act itself. And in this way my mother came to be my confidant, my confessor really, from my earliest recollection. The conversation of my playmates I was sure to repeat to her, and so she soon found who were fit associates for me. Any wrong advice given me she could speedily right, every evil seed sown in my childish mind she was quick to uproot. Oh, I have thanked God a thousand times that my mother won my confidence in this way. He only knows the snares I have been saved from by telling mother everything.

Mothers, do you win your children's confidence in this way, so you may know the most secret thoughts of their little hearts? If you have thus become their trusted counsellor and adviser, what may you not with God's help make of them?—*Household.*

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From International Question Book.)

LESSON III.—APRIL 18.

THE FIRST MIRACLE.—John 2: 1-11.

COMMIT VERSES 1-5.

GOLDEN TEXT.

This beginning of miracles did Jesus in Cana of Galilee, and manifested forth his glory; and his disciples believed on him.—John 2: 11.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Jesus sanctifies and blesses our daily life.

DAILY READINGS.

M. John 2: 1-11
T. John 2: 13-25.
W. Eccl. 11: 6-10.
Th. Rom. 12: 1-15.
F. Isa. 55: 1
Ps. 104: 15.
Prov. 3: 9, 10.
Sa. Prov. 23: 29-32.
Rev. 14: 10.
Su. John 1: 9-14.

TIME.—The latter part of February, or early March, A.D. 27. Three days after our last lesson.

PLACE.—Cana of Galilee, 6 or 8 miles northwest of Nazareth.

CIRCUMSTANCES.—In our last lesson we left Jesus just starting from Bethany (Bethabara), on his way to his home in Galilee. He had five or six disciples, and on the third day reached Cana, the home of Nathanael (Bartholomew) where, doubtless, he stopped till he was invited to the wedding, where we find him to-day.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

1. THE THIRD DAY: after leaving Bethabara (1: 43). THE MOTHER OF JESUS WAS THERE: from her familiar actions it is supposed she was a relative. 2. JESUS WAS CALLED OR INVITED: since his mother was there, and he himself would be a prominent guest in a village. Jesus went to the wedding feast, and thus sanctified the home, the wedding, and innocent social joys. AND HIS DISCIPLES: Andrew, Peter, John, Philip, Nathanael, and probably James, (see last lesson). 3. WHEN THEY WANTED WINE: when the wine failed, perhaps on account of this increase in the number of guests. 4. WOMAN: Greek, lady, a term of respect. WHAT HAVE I TO DO WITH THEE: i.e., I am no longer subject to your control as heretofore, but to my heavenly Father who henceforth tells me what to do. MINE HOUR IS NOT YET COME: the hour to show His divine nature, or the hour of his public manifestation as the Messiah. 5. HIS MOTHER SAITH: implying that she had confidence that he would come to their help in some way. He did not refuse her request, but put it on the right basis of divine and not human commandment. 6. SIX WATERPOTS: stone jars, in the court or outer room. PURIFYING: As the Jews then ate not with spoons, or knives and forks, but with their fingers, these frequent washings were very necessary. FIRKINS: the Hebrew bath—about nine gallons. 8. GOVERNOR OF THE FEAST: the friend who had general charge. 10. WHEN MEN HAVE WELL DRUNK: or drunk freely, and their taste is dulled. It does not imply that any of this company were intoxicated, but is a proverbial statement. GOOD WINE: of the best flavor, of peculiarly delicious aroma and taste. 11. BEGINNING OF MIRACLES: the first that Jesus ever did. MIRACLES: here, signs; wonders done as a sign of Christ's nature and truth. HIS GLORY: his true nature as the Son of God, his loving, helpful character, his goodness and power. HIS DISCIPLES BELIEVED: their faith begun a few days before was now confirmed and settled.

LEARN BY HEART Eccl. 11: 9; John 15: 11; Rom. 12: 2.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Where did we leave Jesus in our last lesson? Where was he going? Who were with him? What year was this? At what time of the year? Trace the journey on the map.

SUBJECT: JESUS IN DAILY LIFE

I. JESUS AT A WEDDING (v. 1). How long was Jesus in reaching Cana? What disciple lived there? What social event was taking place at this time? Why was Jesus invited? Who went with him? Did Jesus by this sanction social pleasures? Is his religion opposed to innocent enjoyments? Does his presence with us increase the joy? Is any pleasure right in which we would not like his presence?

Why did Jesus work his first miracle at a wedding? Was it a fitting beginning of his ministry? Are good homes the foundation of the state? Are they essential to the progress of religion?

II. JESUS SUPPLYING COMMON NEEDS (vs. 3-10).—What can you tell about Jewish customs at their weddings? What part of the entertainment failed? Why? What did the mother of Jesus suggest to him? What was his reply? Was this a reproof? What did he mean? What hour had not come? Did his mother take this reply as a refusal? Was all this said in public or private? What was the purpose of the six water-jars? How much would they all hold? What was done with them? Into what was all this water changed? How was it proved? What kind of wine was it.

Why did Jesus make such a quantity of wine? Was it intoxicating wine? Did Jesus drink wine? Is that a sin in itself? In what respects were the wines then different from ours? In what respects were the circumstances different? Are there uses of grape juice which are healthful and right? Does such use endorse the use of intoxicating liquors? What reasons have you for believing that Jesus in our day would have been a total abstainer? How does v. 10 give a type of the world's giving and of Christ's giving? (Prov. 23: 31, 32; 2 Cor. 4: 17; Rev. 21: 3.)

III. THE GLORY OF JESUS (v. 11).—Had Jesus done any miracles before this? What was Jesus' glory? How did this miracle manifest it? In what respects does Jesus transform our lives? John 3: 3, 5; Rom. 12: 2; Phil. 3: 21; Isa. 55: 12, 13; 60: 17 20.) Had Jesus' disciples believed on him before? (John 1: 41, 45.) How was their faith now confirmed?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

I. Jesus exalts our daily life by his presence.

II. Any place of enjoyment where Jesus can go with us, is safe for us.

III. Jesus confirms, blesses, and ennobles the home.

IV. We should go to Jesus in our every need.

V. We should do not only the right thing, but at the right time.

VI. Jesus sympathizes with us in our joys as well as in our sorrows.

VII. Jesus has come to transform our hearts, our lives, the world.

VIII. Jesus by his wondrous works is ever confirming our faith.

LESSON IV.—APRIL 25.

JESUS AND NICODEMUS.—John 3: 1-18.

COMMIT VERSES 11-16.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Ye must be born again.—John 3: 7.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

A new heart and life, the way unto the kingdom of God.

DAILY READINGS.

M. John 3: 1-18.
T. Ezek. 18: 20-32.
W. 1 John 3: 1-24.
Th. Num. 21: 1-9.
F. Rom. 8: 1-17
Sa. Rom. 8: 28-39.
Su. 1 John 5: 1-20.

TIME.—April 9-16, A.D. 27. Five or six weeks after the last lesson.

JESUS.—30-31 years of age. About three months after his baptism, and just beginning his public ministry at Jerusalem.

PLACE.—Jerusalem. The guest-chamber in a private house, perhaps John's.

RULERS.—Tiberius Cæsar, emperor of Rome. Pontius Pilate, governor of Judea. Herod Antipas, tetrach of Galilee.

INTERVENING HISTORY.—Soon after the wedding at Cana, Jesus and his mother's family went to Capernaum on the Sea of Galilee. After remaining here a short time he went up to Jerusalem to the Passover (April 9). Here he drove the cattle-dealers and money-changers from the temple, and, by his teaching and miracles, won a large numbers of believers. Among them was Nicodemus, the teachings of Jesus to whom form the subject of our last lesson.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

1. NICODEMUS: 1 Pharisee, a member of the Sanhedrim, a learned man, a teacher of the law. We hear nothing more of him, except a defence of Jesus (John 7: 50), till the time of Jesus' death, three years later, when he seems to have become a true convert (John 19: 39). 2. CAME BY NIGHT: not from fear, but because he could converse more quietly then. And it was prudent not to commit himself till he had learned more. RABBI: i.e., an honorary title, teacher, master. 3. JESUS ANSWERED: his implied question. BORN AGAIN: or anew, or from above. He needed a new life of holiness, a new principle, a life like God's. 5. BORN OF WATER AND OF THE SPIRIT: born of water refers back to John's baptism of repentance, saying that he must be cleansed from his past sins, and confess publicly his renunciation of his past life. Born of the Spirit refers to a new spiritual life. Without public confession he cannot enter the visible kingdom: without a new heart he cannot become a real member of the kingdom of God. 11. WE SPEAK: Jesus and all who have experienced the new birth. 12. IF I HAVE: here Jesus returns to the singular number because he alone knew about heaven. 13. WHICH IS IN HEAVEN: is ever in communion with heaven. It was ever plain and open before him. As God he was always there. 14. AS MOSES, etc.: see Num. 21: 4-9. 16. ONLY BEGOTTEN SON: God's son in a close and peculiar sense, different from that in which we are all God's children. 18. CONDEMNED: judged. CONDEMNED ALREADY: he is judged for his sins, and they have not been forsaken or forgiven; he remains in condemnation. His choice of sin itself judges and condemns him.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Where did Jesus go after the miracle at Cana? How long after did he go to Jerusalem? Why? How old was he? How long was it since entering upon his mission at his baptism? What did he do at this Passover? Did he make many disciples?

SUBJECT: HOW TO BELONG TO THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

I. THE INQUIRER (vs. 1, 2).—Who was Nicodemus? What hints as to his after history? (John 7: 50, 51; 19: 39.) Why did he go to Jesus by night? Of what was he convinced? How was he convinced?

II. INSTRUCTION AS TO THE NECESSARY CONDITION OF ENTERING THE KINGDOM OF GOD (vs. 3-8).—What is the kingdom of God? On what condition only can any one enter, or even see this kingdom? What is meant by "born of the water? What by "born of the Spirit"? Why cannot one enter God's kingdom without this new birth? What illustration does Jesus give of the method of conversion? (v. 8.)

What is the argument in v. 6? Do most people know the exact time when they are converted? How can one know whether he is born of the Spirit? (Gal. 5: 22, 23.)

III. THE AUTHORITY OF THE INSTRUCTOR (vs. 9-13).—How did Jesus know all about heaven and heavenly things? Is that good authority?

How does the fact that Jesus was divine make this authority more sure? How did Jesus come down from heaven? How is he "in heaven"?

IV. HOW TO OBTAIN THIS ETERNAL LIFE (vs. 14-18).—What comparison does Jesus use? Relate the story from Num. 21: 4-9. Why is sin like the bite of these serpents? How was Christ lifted up like the brazen serpent? Was faith required in both cases in order to be saved? What is saving faith? How has God shown his love? What will become of those who refuse to believe? What will be given to those who do believe?

Why is faith necessary to eternal life? What is eternal life? Is it offered to all? How are those who do not believe condemned already?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

I. Let us ever go to Jesus for light and help.

II. The Gospel is proved by the marvellous things it does for men.

III. The great need of men is new life, new hearts.

IV. Without this no one can enter God's kingdom.

V. Jesus is the true teacher about heaven because he has been there, and as the Son of God knows all about.

VI. We can obtain it by believing on him with all our heart.

VII. God has shown his infinite love by what he has done for men.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

MUTUAL GIVING AND RECEIVING.

A plainly dressed mother and child stood by the window of a large toy store on Fourteenth street, New York, in which was displayed many elaborately dressed dolls. The little girl, greatly to the mother's surprise, selected the most plainly dressed doll as the one which she wished to own.

"Why did you not choose one of the more beautifully dressed dolls?" asked the mother.

"Because I want to be my dolly's mamma, not her nurse," was the answer.

How much better if this feeling were shared by mothers who think the way to make their children happy is to gratify them by making a complete sacrifice of their own comfort and pleasure! If mothers would only aim to be the companions of their children instead of the pack-horse of the household, the expected-to-go-without one of the family, as too many mothers are, how much better and more natural would be the family life! Many mothers let their love blind them to their child's best interests, in the mistaken idea that by doing without the articles of dress that are necessary to make a respectable appearance in church or society, that the daughters may be more fashionably dressed, they are adding to their children's happiness. But what a mistake! How surely they are being unfitted for the real battle of life! What false reasoning! "Let her have the new hat; she will have to do without soon enough." "I can stay at home; let her go; she will have to be deprived of pleasure soon enough;" forgetting that by their own treatment they are giving their children false ideas of the real purpose of life, namely, fitting one's self for the necessary burdens and duties which must come to us in our own sphere.

How many young wives and mothers can charge the unhappiness of their early married life—fortunate if they can say early—to the training, or rather lack of training, received from their own mothers! Having been educated to think only of themselves, their own comfort, how can they fulfil the obligations laid on them in their new relations? How many girls go into homes of their own without the slightest idea of the economy which must be exercised, because of a salary scarcely large enough to support one in more than ordinary comfort, and which must now do for two! It is well enough to protest against marriage before support is certain, but such injudicious marriages always have taken place, and always will take place. Sometimes they result in happiness because the wife has been fitted by early education for a poor man's wife, and is prepared to help him.

How much unhappiness might be spared the young wife and housekeeper if she had been taught that in one dollar there are only one hundred cents; and taught to know when, where, and how to buy!

A mother may invite the daughter to accompany her marketing as well as shopping and the knowledge gained will save heartaches, and often dissension and dissatisfaction, besides the financial gain arising from the difference of buying with or without experience and knowledge. How many girls make fretful, nervous wives, because when placed at the head of a household, in addition to the ignorance which causes much suffering, they learn for the first time that life must be lived even if the seasons come and go without the usual number of bonnets, gloves, and dresses! If the young wife possesses a soul of true womanhood, even with her false views of what constitutes true pleasure, she will prove a blessing to her husband and children; but if, unfortunately, the early training is so firmly engrafted as to bear but the fruit of such culture, then Heaven pity wife, husband, home, and children!

What is the remedy? It is in the hands of mother and child. One is to remember her own struggle, added to and intensified by her ignorance, and by care and training to educate her daughters in such a way that they will be able to meet their new burdens as well equipped as wise counsel and example can equip them; and, on the daughter's part, to remember that the mother has travelled the road in which she will walk; that the experience secured was by much outlay of strength of body and mind; that a knowledge gained from such a source is the most valuable to which she will have free access, even if a little old-fashioned. If the world has travelled so fast that many of her mother's experiences cannot be repeated, the lessons of patience taught, and the revelation of a love which outweighs every trouble, will enable the daughter to cope better with the new experiences which come from new blessings.

Mothers, teach from your own experience, lay part of the every-day care on the daughters, whether of economies or household duties; and by so doing prepare the growing back for the coming burden. Daughters, listen and learn, because the mother is the friend who has your best interest at heart. Besides, it is your duty to share the burden, so far as you can, of your childhood's home, that the mother may have a little rest and comfort, and be permitted, before she goes to the grave, to know that her children tried to repay a small part of the care she gave them, when she was the only one glad to give them her best strength and to feel herself blessed and not sacrificed in the giving.—*Christian Union.*

DOMESTIC TRAINING FOR GIRLS.

Nothing is more significant of the social condition of a people than the training of its girls in domestic life. In Germany the daughter of the nobleman, of the prince, and of the small shop-keeper, learns alike to cook, to sweep, and to keep house. After the training in books is over, Fraulein Lena and her Royal Highness, Princess Sophie, both begun their home education. There are establishments where they are taken by the year, as in a boarding-school. In one month they wash dishes and polish glass and silver; in another they cook meats; in another bake; in the next "lay down" meat for Winter use, or preserve fruit, make jellies and pickles, sweep and dust. Plain sewing, darning, and the care of linen are also taught, and taught thoroughly. The German "betrothed" is thus almost always a thorough housekeeper, and spends the time before marriage in laying in enormous stores of provisions and napery for her future home. In France a girl begins at twelve years of age to take part in the household interests. Being her mother's constant companion, she learns the system of close, rigid economy, which prevails in all French families. If there be but two sticks of wood burning on the hearth, they are pulled apart when the family leaves the room, even for a half hour, and the brands are saved. The nourishing soup, the exquisite entrees, and the dainty dessert are made out of fragments, which in many an American kitchen would be thrown away. The French girl thus inhales economy and skill with the air she breathes, and the habits she acquires last her through life. English girls of the educated classes seldom equal the German and French in culinary arts, but they are early taught to share in the care of the poor around them. They teach in the village school, or they have industrial classes; they have some hobby, such as drawing, riding, or animals, to occcupy their spare time with pleasure or profit. Hence the English girl, though not usually as clever or as well read as her American sister, has that certain poise and aplomb which belong to women, who have engrossing occupations outside of society, beaux and flirting.—*Youth's Companion.*

REFINED TABLE MANNERS.

Refined table manners mark not only good breeding, but good feeling; and whatever else in the day is to be hurried, the dinner is not. It takes time to enjoy delicate flavors, and to appreciate those dishes which ought to be real works of art, not only in order that the gastric juice may have time to thoroughly mingle with the food, but that we may rise from the level of the animal to that of a higher order of being. Health, happiness, harmony, wait on our habits, which affect our mental condition more than we can well realize. Bad temper is frequently nothing but another name for indigestion. Irritability, peevishness and dyspepsia are the certain results of bolting food when the body is weary and the mind pre-occupied. Then follow hasty words, a rasping temper-gloom and fault-finding, and peace flees from the threshold. The sunniest disposition, the most affectionate heart, cannot withstand the wear of years, and two lives, which might have blended together beautifully, are sundered as far as though an ocean rolled between.—*Household.*

THE KEEPING POWER.

A correspondent of the *New York Witness* writes to the Home Department in that paper as follows:—

I have been a professor of religion for over thirty years, and am a person of quick, impulsive feelings and strong besetments, and I am sorry to say that this has troubled me very much all through my Christian experience. About two months ago I was brought in contact with one who loaned me books and talked with me on the subject of being fully saved as the only way out of my difficulty, and a duty as well as a privilege. I was heartily sick of my old life of ups and downs, and had been longing for deliverance from the shackles that bound me. I was led to give up everything—body, soul and spirit—into the hands of my blessed Redeemer, and to trust Him fully, venturing entirely upon His Word. I found, the next day, a blessed, peaceful rest. And, strange to say, temper and strong besetments were all gone, and have not troubled me since. Oh! bless the Lord for this blessed release from sin. I then asked Him to give me His keeping-power, since I had given up all to Him, and, sure enough, He did. There seemed to be a power or an influence with me all the time. Many a time I have wanted to do something or other that was not exactly for the glory of God, but this power seemed to restrain me. Thoughts would often come to my mind, too, and I would be about to open my mouth, when this power would restrain me. I felt this influence around me all the time. If the children broke anything, it did not disturb me in the least; and if there was any unpleasantness I seemed to bring the spirit of love among them at once. I did not tell any one of my new-found peace, for I did not feel like talking to any one, but to hold continual communion with my blessed Lord and Master. The change in me was so great that my wife told me afterwards that she thought I was going to die, and she felt quite alarmed about me. Oh, bless the Lord for this keeping-power! I can say to my friend, "His grace is sufficient."

RECIPES.

ALMOND BLANC MANGE.—One quart of milk, one ounce of Cooper's gelatine, one-quarter pound of almonds, blanched and pounded, with one tablespoonful of rose-water to prevent oiling, three-quarters cup of sugar. Soak the gelatine one hour in a cup of the milk. Heat the rest; add the almond paste, and stir over the fire three minutes, then put in the sugar and gelatine and stir five minutes more. Strain through thin muslin, pressing hard. When cool, pour into a wet mould and set upon ice or in cold water to form. Eat with cream and sugar. It is a good plan to blanch the almonds the day before they are to be pounded.

SPANISH CREAM.—One-half box of Coxe's gelatine, one quart of milk, beaten yolks of three eggs, one small cup of sugar, two teaspoonfuls flavoring extract—orange is very good in this cream—a little soda. Soak the gelatine in the milk two hours, stir in the soda and heat, stirring often; when scalding hot pour upon the beaten yolks and sugar and return to the farina-kettle; boil one minute, stirring ceaselessly; strain through tarlatan, and when cold flavor and put into a wet mould. Set on the ice until wanted and eat with cream and sugar.

OMELETTE AUX CONFITURES.—Seven eggs, two tablespoonsfuls of sugar, half cup of milk (or cream), grated peel of half lemon, half cup of marmalade or jam. Beat yolks and whites apart and very stiff; add sugar, lemon, and milk to the yolks; then, with a few rapid whirls of your "beater," the whites. Put the marmalade in the bottom of a neat bake-dish (buttered) pour on the omelette, and bake until it has puffed up high and begins to "crust" well. Serve at once, or it will fall. Eight minutes should suffice to cook it—at the outside.—*Dinner Year Book.*

SOUPS.—In making soups from "soup bones" choose those which are very fresh, and with a plentiful supply of meat, and remember that boiling too long gives a disagreeable gluey flavor which is by no means desirable. The bones and meat should be nicely washed and put in a kettle with cold water to rather more than cover, adding one-half teaspoonful of salt to each quart of water. Heat slowly, skim carefully as it nears the boiling point and boil not more than four hours. Remove the bones and meat and strain the broth into a large bowl. Cut the meat from the bones, carefully removing any bits of gristle, and when cold cover closely. The next morning remove the fat from the cold broth (it should be clarified, and will be found excellent for "shortening") and put it in a porcelain kettle, adding water to make the desired quantity and a tablespoonful of rice for each quart. Peel and slice two or three potatoes, a carrot—two if small—and an onion, if liked; cut a slice of turnip in small squares and shred the quarter of a small cabbage fine, and add them all to the soup when it begins to boil. Cover and simmer for an hour, add if desired a little of the meat cut in small pieces and let it just boil up. Of course, more salt and pepper, if liked, is to be added if the soup is not sufficiently seasoned, and two or three stalks of celery chopped rather fine, and added a few minutes before serving improve it for many tastes. If any is left it will be just as good "warmed over" for next day, or part of the stock can be kept for a different soup, using the rice but no vegetables, and adding, half an hour before dinner time, a pint or more of canned tomato and one tablespoonful (heaping) of browned flour mixed to a paste with cold water. Strain, and serve with toasted bread, cut in small squares, or browned crackers.

PUZZLES.

CHARADE.

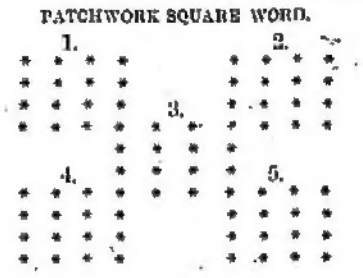
The all-victorious Roman
Hath raised the eagles high,
The Carthaginian foeman
Right proudly to defy.

Forth marched in noble daring
The leader of the day,
A mighty second bearing
In all the stern affray.

Ye glorious ranks, assemble!
"Push on, my first," he cried,
"And soon their whole shall tremble,
And crushed shall be their pride."

F. R. HAVERGAL.

PATCHWORK SQUARE WORD.



1.
A gentle bird;
A precious stone;
A cover, third;
Of girls' names, one.

2.
A handsome fish;
Of nuts the rind;
A useful pit;
A plum, you'll find.

3.
Some mountains high;
Thieving, you'll grant;
A man in power;
Part of a plant.

4.
Guiders of ships;
A bitter tree;
The queen of flowers;
Plants live in me.

5.
That which is chief;
A piece of ground;
A bright blue flower;
Where birds are found.

PROGRESSIVE ENIGMA.

I am a word of six letters. My 1, 2, is a relation. My 1, 2, 3 is a light blow. My 1, 2, 3, 4, is the head. My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, is a plate. My 2, 3, is a preposition. My 2, 3, 4, you did at dinner last week. My 3, 4, 5, 6, is a shelter. My whole is apparent.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

I'm in old, not in new;
I'm in pink, not in blue;
I'm in love, not in hate;
I'm in early, not in late;
I'm in sorry, not in glad;
I'm in funny, not in sad;
I'm in tender, not in hard;
I'm in hinder, not in retard;
I'm in well, not in fount;
I'm in valley, not in mount;
I'm in want, not in wish;
I'm in veal, not in fish;
I'm in chalk, not in paint;
I'm in devil, not in saint;
I'm in pretty, not in quaint.

A tiny flower of modest hue;
'Tis neither purple, red, or blue;
It's name was once to Christ applied
Ages before He lived or died.

HANNAH E. GREENE.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN LAST NUMBER.

CHARADE.—Parsonage.

HIDDEN GEOGRAPHICAL NAMES.—Shanghai, Wales, Negro, Chili, Slave, Greece, Brussels, Turkey, Cayenne, Cod, Sandwich, Bordeaux, Cork, Oranges, Guinea, Caroline, Canary.

TWO SQUARE WORDS.—

I.	II.
OPAL	SNOW
PACE	NONE
ACRE	ONCE
LEEK	WEEK

CROSS PUZZLE.

I*C*E
A*C*H*E*S
C*R*E*A*T*E*S
C*H*A*R*I*T*Y
T*R*A*I*N*E*R
M*O*T*H*S
A*Y*E

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from Alex. P. Gray.

The Family Circle.

MAKE WAY!

AN EASTER CAROL.

Turn on your golden hinges, gates of morning;
Throw wide your jealous leaves, ye doors of day;
Roll back your cloudy curtains, tardy dawning—
He comes! the King of Light!
Make way! Make way!

Foul shapes, that cringe and creep about hell's portals,
Unlock those prison-gates, for well ye may;
Strike off the chains wherewith ye bind immortals—
He comes! death's conquering Lord!
Make way! Make way!

Archangels, round the throne of God supernal,
In glory which can never pass away,
Pause in your chorals, jubilant, eternal—
The Everlasting comes!
Make way! Make way!

Friends, wheresoe'er ye be, in shine or sadness,
In careless couching, or in deadly fray,
Throw wide your life-gates, that with Easter gladness
The Life of Life may come!
Make way! Make way!

Hearts of the weary, desolate and sinning,
Seeing through tears hope's rainbow as ye pray,
Cares, fears, doubts, sorrows, all your thought are winning—
The Burden-Bearer comes!
Make way! Make way!

Souls that of greed and selfishness are dying,
Bounding your outlook by life's little day,
Look up and see earth's shadow-empires flying—
It comes! Christ's kingdom comes!
Make way! Make way!

O Earth! Lent-shrouded long in mourning,
Thy night is vanishing, behold the day!
Lift thy glad front to hail the Easter dawning—
Christ comes! Hell, Earth and Heaven,
Make way! Make way!

M. E. WINSLOW.

EASTER-EGGS.

The giving of an egg as a mark of friendship or love is almost as old as the ark, of which it is a symbol; for the ancients used it as a sign of resurrection, and brought eggs to the altars of their gods as gifts.

Placed on the Passover table of the Jews, it means the destruction of the whole race and its resurrection. The Druids used it in their ceremonies, and the Persians present it at the New Year. A Russian will salute you on Easter morning with "Christ is risen," and offer you his Easter-egg; and what is still stranger, the Mohammedan will do the same. And, my dear little readers, when you break your egg at breakfast, you are doing just what the Greek and Roman boys and girls did centuries ago, for they began the first meal of the day with eggs; and egg-cups resembling ours have been found in Pompeii; only they preferred the egg of the pea-hen or Egyptian goose.

Easter-Monday is the proper time for the presentation of peace eggs, and to prepare them is always a work of love; for if they are given as reminiscences of ourselves, then we should be very careful that they are both tastefully and appropriately made; and if they are intended as a means of instruction (as they first were), then don't be tempted to put Cupids or ridiculously grouped flowers or fruits on what should be plain and yet well done. For instance, I once saw an Easter-egg with a text from the Bible on one side, and a Cupid throwing kisses on the other, and it was painted by a person who ought to have known better.

When you are preparing them, stop and think what will be most suitable for sister Lucy or brother John. An egg with butterflies and flowers would be utterly thrown away on Lucy, who is three years old; she would much rather have one that is striped with many colors. But sister Ann, who is eleven, would prize one with butterflies, forget-me-nots, and rose-buds; while John, who is fourteen, would like his with a horse, dog, bat and ball, bicycle, or almost anything that represents his pleasures.

And there are lots of other ways, too. Eggs boiled in logwood will be a rich purple, and then you may scratch with a penknife any design you like. You can wrap an onion-skin around them, and they will be beautifully mottled, or a piece of chintz, or anything that is bright-colored and will fade. I have one that was colored with ribbons in this way that is very pretty.

Another way of preparing the eggs is to plunge them into hot water for a few moments, and then to write with tallow a name or draw an ornament on the shell. The egg is then boiled in water containing any colored dye or solution, and the color will not attach itself to the shell in any part which has been covered with grease, and consequently all ornaments will appear white. An egg with a text of Scripture on one side, and the flower that is sacred to Easter-Monday—that is, the star-of-Bethlehem, or marsh-marigold—drawn on the other with tallow, and then dyed purple with logwood, would make a very pretty gift for your Sunday-school teacher.

Sometimes the surface of the egg is divided into spaces, to be filled up according to the taste and skill of the designer. One may contain the name and age, another a landscape, the third a good wish, the fourth, if you have so divided it, a likeness or flower. In some parts of England eggs simply dyed and dotted with tallow are presented to the junior class at college, and in Germany they have a way of adorning eggs with foliage, all in transparent work, which is cut out with aqua fortis. In Rome, the Easter-eggs are carried to the parish priest, who blesses them with holy water, and on Easter-day at dinner the cloth is adorned with sweet herbs and flowers, and the first thing eaten are the blessed eggs; they are painted by the nuns, and sold in the streets.

In cities fancy candy eggs are to be had in the confectioners'; but those we make ourselves are worth twice as much, even if we are not artists enough to decorate them alone, but are forced to use decalcomanie, chintz or onions.

There are some Easter-eggs that have come down to us in history; and who can be sure that the ones you are making this year may not lead to great things. So, children, be careful that if you give an Easter-egg, it bears no sorrowful or unhappy memory, and that in after years you will not be ashamed to own it as yours.

Not many of you can give a silver one, as Charles the Second did to one of his favorites, nor will there be many who can make them as beautiful as one preserved in the British Museum, that was presented to a lady of high rank nearly two hundred years ago. It was sawed open, the inside of the shell being cleaned and dried, and then lined with gold paper, and decorated with the figures of saints done in silk. It opens and shuts, and is tied together with green ribbons. But if this is beyond your power or skill, you can, at least, make an Easter offering of your own design that will be much more acceptable to your friends.—*Exchange.*

AN EASTER IN SAMARIA.

Mr. Wilson, late United States Consul at Jerusalem, has sent us an account of a remarkable visit which he made to Shechem while a resident of the Holy Land. The Samaritan Jews have never passed beyond the Pentateuch in their religious ceremonies, and still offer the sacrifice of the Paschal Lamb. They accept no prophet after Moses:

"It was the fourteenth day of the month of Nisan, the 23rd of April, and as the next day was the Sabbath, the Passover ceremonies had to be over by sundown, which, at the Orient, is twelve o'clock, or the close of the day.

"Our camp was at the foot of Mt. Gerizim, and at ten o'clock on Friday we made the weary ascent, which required nearly one hour. The High Priest was clothed in a silk robe of light gray, or Quaker-drab, with an overdress of white, when engaged in ceremonial duties.

"An oven had been prepared in the ground, eight feet deep and four feet in diameter, for roasting the lambs. A furnace also was prepared for heating the water for fleecing the animals.

"At twelve o'clock the congregation assembled around the furnace, and after a brief ceremony of blessing, the lambs were slain—there were seven—and fleeced and dressed, and transfixed, each one, with a spit in the form of a cross, a pin driven through a pole, to sustain the carcass when placed in the oven. The animals, as dressed, were placed on a bundle of withes, or poles, a square frame-work, and carried to the oven and deposited, the heads downward, the oven having been heated by brush-wood of a sweet-scented shrubbery, but very combustible. The High Priest then lighted the fire, after appropriate ceremonies.

"The bundle was placed over the oven and covered with green grass, and then was covered with earth and water, or mud—a coarse kind of cement—and closely packed. Psalms and hymns were chanted prior to depositing the lambs in the oven, and the services were solemn and performed for the most part in a graceful manner.

The most barbarous feature of the ceremonies was, that the members of the congregation crossed their foreheads with the blood of the quivering, bleeding animals, and then, as if in an ecstasy of joy, embraced and kissed one another. Blood was also put upon the tents, over the doors, or places of entrance. The wool and the offal of the lambs were burned with fire in the furnace, so that nothing was left, and after the feast, the bones also were to be burned.

"Half an hour before sundown the whole congregation, led by the High Priest, chanted a hymn around the oven, which was then opened, and the flesh was distributed in seven baskets. There were then numerous prayers and chants and genuflexions and prostrations, with their faces upon the earth, sometimes prostrate, sometimes kneeling, sometimes standing; at all times intensely interested apparently, ending with a triumphal chorus and a delirium of joy, and the benediction when the bread and flesh were distributed, and the feast began, and the empty plates, which had been sent from the tents, were loaded with flesh for the women, who do not, it seems, participate in the regular public ceremonial.

"In prayer and in the chants the faces of the congregation were turned towards the highest point of Gerizim, near by, on which I traced the ruins of a temple, a castle, a town, or city, and many rock-hewn cisterns, or wells, from one of which I found the native Arabs drawing water.

"The ancient Samaritan temple was, as I suppose, a splendid building, rivalling even that of the Jews at Jerusalem. The Samaritans are a mixed race of Chaldeans and Jews, with a predominance, perhaps, of the appearance of the Mesopotamians. Under the teaching of the Hebrew priests and people, who remained after the captivity, the Chaldee colonists renounced their idolatry, and adopted the Hebrew faith; and for centuries they have continued to observe the Law of Moses, and to look for the coming of the Messiah and the rebuilding of the Temple on Gerizim; and with a sublime faith in the "impossible," they are waiting and expecting the consummation of the ages in the fulfilment of their hopes, when the world shall be subjected to their standard and be made converts to their faith."—*Youth's Companion.*

BETTY'S DRAMS.

BY J. M'NAIR WRIGHT.

"Remnants, three cents per yard! Whoop! Cheap enough! Goods is going down; hope wages won't go after them." Tom Dillon went on, hands in his pockets. What connected in his mind the brown calico gown with blue and yellow roses with the thin, wee, fretful face of his Betty? Betty was ailing that day, her mother said, and she had thought fit to whine and hold out wistfully her little hand when her father went off to work. The fingers in Tom's pocket held ten cents, the price of his regular morning drink. By some mental process it occurred to him that ten cents would buy three yards of the calico, and that would make Betty a gown; and when she sat on his knee unfolding it at night, the cross, sickly face would grow childlike and gay. "She'll be more glad of the frock than I will of my dram," said Tom; and he turned back and asked for three yards of the calico. On the counter a basket held narrow white trimming marked "1 ct." "Does that mean a cent a yard?" asked Tom. "Chip in a yard, and bring the dime even."

"It will make a very neat little dress, and the edge will trim the neck and sleeves," said the shop-girl pleasantly.

"Just the price of a drink," said Tom uneasily.

"If all men would use their drink-money so there would be less ragged children and discouraged mothers."

Well, Betty was not ragged, but she was shabby, and Nora, his wife, was getting to look listless and hopeless. Was it his fault? He never was drunk, never was drink-cross. Ten cents in the morning, the same at night, now and then a Sunday afternoon tipple, and a Monday off when he felt dull and cross—not much over two dollars a week, on the whole, year in and out; that was all. It was an "all" that made the difference between comfort and safety, and narrowness and anxiety at home. Tom did not realize it. He picked up his parcel.

"Suppose you buy the little girl a doll; these are only five cents," said the shop-woman persuasively, holding up a doll. It was ten inches long, had staring black eyes, a tuft of tow with a gilt band atop for hair, short arms, straight, wooden legs, but it had features and a crimson complexion. Tom was not wise in dolls, and this looked fine to him; it would to Betty, who had no doll. He paid the nickel. "Half of to-night's drink gone," he chuckled, and off he went to his work.

The master was going about the shop that morning. He finally called out clearly: "See here, my lads, I don't wish to interfere with your private lives, but you are spending too much on drinks. Now, who has not had a dram this morning? Speak up."

"I never touches it," said an old fellow.

"I haven't had one," said Tom Dillon.

"And what have you in the bank, Abram?" asked the master. "Six hundred dollars," quoth Abram, feeling rich.

"Well, I had no dram, because I spent the dime on a gown for Betty," said Tom. "I usually has a dram."

"It would be well if Betty stood always in the way of the dram; then each little Betty would have clothes, and schooling, and books, and a good trade or dowry. Say you spend two dollars a week on drams: if you put it instead in a box for Betty, and drew out what she needed each year until she was ten, she would have a balance of one hundred and four dollars. Twenty-five dollars a year would clothe her when little, and seventy-five would be laid up. Betty would be an heiress."

As Tom went home that night he met a shabby old man selling oranges. "Halloo!" said Tom. "I've a nickel due to Betty in my pocket."

"Two for five cents," said Old Tim.

When Tom went home he bestowed one orange on Betty and one on Nora. He felt as if he should excuse such generosity and delicate attention to his wife and child. "You see Old Tim worked in our shop once. But he got paralysis, and so he's took to selling oranges to keep him out of the poor-house."

"What did he earn in the shop?" asked Nora.

"Say nine dollars a week, year in and out."

"How many years did he work there?"

"Thirty, I've heard say," replied Tom innocently.

"And what did he spend on drams?"

"Well, he took a little more than I do; but he was not a drunkard, after all. Let's say about three dollars a week."

"Do you know what he'd have had if he had laid up that every week?" asked Nora.

"No; I'm not so good at schoolin' as you, my lass."

"Nigh eleven thousand dollars, without a mite of interest; but with interest he'd have gone away up to sixteen thousand or more. He'd have been a rich man now, not an orange-pedlar. A snug little house, a servant, good furniture, a warm hearth, a tidy table. Now what good do his drams do him, and he round in the cold and mud hobbling about selling oranges?"

Betty, in a beatific state, the flavor of the orange in her mouth, her doll hugged in her arms; Nora, looking cheery, diligently cutting and sewing the little gown—these represented to Tom Dillon the price of two drinks!

"What are you about, Tom?" some one asked at "nooning" next day.

"I'm making a box to hold my drams for Betty."

"Why, man, that child can't use drams."

"She'll thrive on 'em surprisin'," responded Tom Dillon.—*National Temperance Advocate.*

SAYS A PHYSICIAN: "I have carefully examined each number of the London *Lancet* for the last six months, and fail to find report of one case out of the many treated by the best English physicians in which alcohol was ordered or used. Is it not high time that the fraternity in this country became equally intelligent?"—*Michigan Christian Advocate.*

A BABY QUEEN.

On the 25th of November, 1885, the great royal palace of the Prado, in Madrid, the capital of Spain, was a scene of mourning. Early in the morning of that day Alfonso the Twelfth, King of Spain, died.

Although ten years have passed since the Spaniards acknowledged Alfonso as their ruler, he was still a very young man, being only twenty-eight years old when he died, leaving his throne and crown to his oldest daughter, a sweet child of five years, who frolics in her nursery and plays with dolls, like all other little girls, but who, for all that, is Maria de las Mercedes Isabella Theresa Christina Alphonsina Hyacintha, Princess of Asturias and Queen of Spain.

The baby Queen Mercedes, the name by which she is known, was born on the 12th of September, 1880. Her child life has been very happy. She has a baby sister, the Infanta Maria Theresa, born in 1882, and the Queen-mother, Christina, is the most loving and devoted of parents, caring nothing for the regal pomp and display by which she is surrounded, and never so happy as when fondling and caressing her children.

Alfonso, the kindest and wisest king that Spain has possessed, was also an affectionate parent. The people of the great city of Madrid saw no prettier sight than when, on sunny afternoons, the royal family took a drive along the avenues of the Prado, the youthful King bowing and smiling in answer to the greetings of his people, the Queen, with her sweet, placid face, and the two baby Princesses laughing at the sunshine, too young to feel any cloud which might be gathering in the treacherous atmosphere of Spain, and which did gather at times, throwing a shadow of anxiety over the faces of the young King and Queen.

Spain is not an easy country to govern. The people are restless and hot-tempered; many of them desire a republic. In 1868 they drove Queen Isabella the Second, the grandmother of baby Mercedes, from her throne, and forced her to fly from the country. Then the people tried to form a republic, but there were too many ambitious men among them. There were insurrections and revolutions, and poor Spain was torn in pieces. Her people do not understand that liberty must be sustained by wise and just law. So, after more than six years of confusion, the nation called Alfonso, the son of Queen Isabella, to sit upon the throne of Spain and become their King.

Surrounded by rivals and a restless, fickle people, the lot of the baby Queen of Spain is not one to be envied. But little Mercedes knows nothing, as yet, of the trouble and sorrow which the future may hold for her. Until her education is completed, and she is old enough to understand her position, her mother, as Queen-Regent, will assume all her daughter's responsibilities and duties. The Queen Christina was, before her marriage with Alfonso, an Austrian Princess, living in studious retirement in the ancient city of Prague. She is said to be a woman of firmness and wisdom, one who will keep the hearts of the Spanish people faithful to her young daughter, if such a thing is possible.

And while the young Castilian maiden dances through the sunny days of her childhood, the world looks at her and remembers all the strange events connected with the great throne of Spain, which has now fallen into her baby hands. From this throne, upon which at that time sat Ferdinand and Isabella, Columbus went forth in 1492 to discover an unknown country beyond the western sea; and to the same throne he returned, a year later, with golden trophies, dark-skinned natives clad in fantastic costume, and wonderful tales of the strange land across the ocean, as a reward for which Isabella, stretching out her royal hand to the bold adventurer, bestowed upon him the title of Admiral and Viceroy of the New World.

After Ferdinand and Isabella, by whose marriage the four separate kingdoms of Spain had been united, came their grandson, Charles the Fifth, King of Spain and Emperor of Germany and Austria. He reigned for forty stormy years, and at last, worn out with many wars, he retired to a monastery, resigning his Spanish crown to his son, Philip the Second, the most cruel and merciless of all the Kings of Spain.

The great palace of the Prado, where Alfonso died, was built by Philip the Fifth. It is one of the most magnificent palaces in the world. It contains the elegant private apartments of the royal family, a gorgeous throne-room, and a museum where may be seen the armor worn by Charles the Fifth, his son Philip the Second, and other Spanish monarchs, besides many other treasures of a royal past.

The little Queen is the mistress of other magnificent palaces. The most celebrated among them all is the Escurial, which has been called the eighth wonder of the world. This great palace, which stands upon a hill twenty miles from Madrid, was built by Philip the Second, and in a small chamber of the vast building this wretched King died.

Under the high altar of the chapel of the Escurial is the great royal vault where the dead Kings and Queens of Spain lie buried. Charles the Fifth, Philip the Second, and other royal dead are here. And here, too, only a few weeks ago, was carried the body of Alfonso. It was laid to rest by the side of his first Queen, Mercedes, a fair Spanish maid, who died after a short married life of six months, and in whose memory the baby Queen received her name.

Maria de las Mercedes is a beautiful name for a Queen. Its true significance is Our Lady of Mercies. Let us hope that God will spare both life and crown to the young Queen, and that she will prove a true Lady of Mercy to long-suffering Spain!—*Harper's Young People.*

THE LITTLE QUEEN OF SPAIN.

SKATING RINKS.

MRS. H. L. HASTINGS.

Keep out of the skating rinks. I could mention a number of cities—four at least—where I have labored, and found the same sad lamentation from the lips of mothers and fathers, who would say to me, "I wish you would talk to my daughter." "I wish you would talk to my boys. I have said all that I can to keep them from going to such places, but they will go."

I have heard from the lips of three physicians the statement that a large proportion of the girls from twelve to sixteen years old who attend these rinks have, as a result, blasted lives before them. Many a heart-broken mother would give all she ever possessed could she place her daughters and her sons where they were before they attended the rink. People may call skating rinks places of innocent amusement, and perhaps they might be made so, but they are not. I consider them, next to intemperance, the greatest curse of our land to the young.

I was at a home for the fallen the other day, and the matron told me that the skating rinks were the greatest curse to the city and to the young, and that the majority of young girls under her charge were girls who were once pure and good, but had been allowed to attend the rinks and now see their folly when it is too late. The following from the Minneapolis *Tribune* will give some idea of what men in authority think of these things:

"The rapidly shortening days are bringing us nearer the season when an effort will be made to revive the skating rink craze: and in view of the fact, the following statement made by the chief of police of Coney Island, N.Y., is worth noticing: 'My private books,' so says Captain McKane, 'will substantiate the fact that nine out of ten of the girls between the ages of fourteen and sixteen arrested by my officers on the island late at night, during the past summer, have upon private questioning by me, dated their fall from the time when they commenced to frequent skating-rinks. 'This is no exaggeration,' he continues. "I used to think, when I read of clergymen denouncing the rinks for the immorality that was bred there, that the rinks were harmless, and that those gentlemen were inclined to sensationalism. Now, from the stories told me by these young girls, right here in my private office, I can appreciate the truth of their remarks, and realize the danger that surrounds the young female in such resorts. I esteem this fact of such importance that I think it ought to be known.'"

Keep out of these death traps.
—*New York Paper.*

"PURGED OUR SINS."

"Oh, Marion, what have you done! See!" and her cousin pointed to three large inkstains which had spotted the bosom of Marion's snow-white dress. Marion's common and oft-reproved habit when writing was to hold the pen in her mouth, regardless whether it was filled with ink or not, hence many an ink-spot fell on dress or table-cloth and many a scolding followed.

Marion's bright face clouded.

"I am always doing it," she said; "my careless head will never remember Miss Morton's directions. I shall get into a row!"

Just then pale-faced Elinor Moore looked up from her French translation.

"I can help you, Marion. I have something in my desk which will take out stains."

"What is it?" questioned Marion and Louise together.

"I am not sure of the name. It is a chemical preparation; my brother Tom gave it to me. I have tried it several times, and find that however bad the stain is, it completely extracts it."

The girls gladly tried the wonderful preparation, and were surprised and gratified to find it really and completely extracted the ink stains, and the fair white dress showed no sign of Marion's misadventure when Miss Thorpe came in to give the English lesson. In the three words that head this paper we learn the sweet precious truth that the Lord Jesus "Himself purged our sins." On reading it over I wondered very much if my young friends would know that the word "purged" in the original Greek just tallies with the action of a chemical upon a stain in linen, so that when we sing those words—

"Lord Jesus, let nothing unholy remain,
Apply thine own blood and extract every stain."

we are really asking Jesus to do exactly what God says He can do for us.

Is it not news that makes our hearts very glad? Even should our sins be like so many black, black stains on the fair white robe of innocence, which clothes each newborn soul as it flits down from God to live out its little life on earth, the shed blood of Jesus applied to our sin-stained souls can "purge" the stains, and even the eye of the great God gazing on the soul "washed in the blood of the Lamb" shall see no "spot or wrinkle, or any such thing," and we shall pass into his presence "blameless and harmless," faultless and stainless.

Just ask yourself one little question, quietly—"Am I washed in the blood of the Lamb?" I wonder if you are. What shall I say to you if you can answer the question by a glad "Yes, thank God"? I will say this, if you see a friend, a school-fellow, a cousin, of whom you cannot truly say, "He (or she) is blood-washed and forgiven," then tell that one what the blood of Jesus can do. Recommend that precious Fountain whose crimson flood can extract every stain. Seize every opportunity to make known the fact that Christ has saved you and will save others.—*Eva Travers Evered Poole in Christian.*

CURE FOR A BAD TEMPER.

"When I was a child," said a minister to me some years since, a minister now gone to his final rest in "the bosom of God," "I had a dreadful temper; but about ten years ago I was converted. I carried that temper to Christ, and in the simplicity of a child's faith asked Him to take it wholly away; and I had such a revelation to my mind of His meekness and gentleness, that for sixty years I have never been troubled in the least with that temper. I have lived forty-five years with my wife; ask her."

Therefore I put the question to her:

"How many times during these forty-five years have you seen your husband out of temper?"

"I have never," was the reply, "seen his temper ruffled in the least degree. I was a high-tempered woman, and sometimes used to think that if he would get angry and give me a good scolding, it would do me good. But he never did it. And now," she added, "I have taken my temper to Christ, and have obtained the same deliverance that he did."

If you will do the same thing, dear reader, Christ will grant the same grace to you, and that in respect to all evil tendencies and temperaments. He will "gird you with everlasting strength," and no evil temper or tendency shall have dominion over you.—*Dr. A. Mahan, in Divine Life.*

THE TONGUE GUARD.

In a town near Hartford a number of young ladies have organized a novel club, which they call "The Tongue Guard." Each member pledges herself to pay a penny into its treasury every time she says anything against another person. She provides a home box for the pennies, and at the end of three months sends the contents to headquarters, where the money is utilized for charitable purposes. If every one would follow the example of the "Tongue Guard" a great many poor children could be comfortably clothed for the winter. It would be rather interesting to know how this club will succeed, and the length of time it will last.—*Hartford Times.*

THE PROFIT OF GODLINESS.

A New York exchange has the following, which seems to indicate that the secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him, and that godliness is profitable as a business guide: It is just fifty years since a large dry goods firm was in active business in this city, when, one day, the head of the firm said to his partners: "We must restrict our operations. I find that the demands upon my time are such that I have not the requisite leisure for my religious duties, and I cannot go on in this way." The other members of the firm consented and the reduction was made. Just two years from that time there came a great financial storm which engulfed nearly all the business houses of the city. But the firm in question safely rode out the storm, and found that what they had done in their religious convictions was really a matter of the soundest policy, though they were not aware of it at the time.—*Presbyterian Observer.*

CHRISTIE AT HOME.

A SEQUEL TO CHRISTIE'S CHRISTMAS.

By Pansy.

CHAPTER IV.—*(Continued.)*

And Christie curled in a little heap at her mother's feet, and hid her head in her mother's lap, and Karl leaned on the arm of his father's chair, and Mr. Tucker, as he took a seat beside the mother, and looked around on his family, said with a curious quiver in his voice: "I reckon these are the chairs that the Governor sent to our little girl, eh, mother?"

I'm sure it was not any wonder that

"WE WALKED THROUGH THE WOODS TOGETHER."

Christie cried. Though when Karl asked her presently what in the world she was crying about, she looked up and laughed, and said she was sure she didn't know.

"Look here," said Mother Tucker briskly, trying to rise from her couch, "let's drag the carpet into the other room; this room is too full to get a good view of it, and it is chilly here, besides. I'll tell you what it is, Jonas, now that the front room is going to get furnished for us in the most unheard-of way, we must just get that stove and set it up here, and have a fire now and then, and come in and look at the things, now won't we?"

And the father, as he stooped to take hold of an end of the great roll of carpeting and help Karl drag it to the kitchen, answered that he guessed they would try for it. Ever since the Tuckers had built their little home, they had talked and planned together about furnishing the front room. Each spring the mother had cheerily said that by fall they must try to manage it; in the summer they could get along without the front room very well, because they spent so much time out of doors, and every fall she had cheerily said that the crops had not been quite so good this summer as they had hoped, and they must try to get along without furnishing the front room until spring. The winters were so cold it was more comfortable in the kitchen, anyway, and next spring they would try for it. So the springs and autumns had come and gone, and left the front room floor bare, and three chairs for the only furniture. The children had not lost faith in their father and mother, for they knew that the resolve was as strong as ever to furnish the front room as soon as they could; but they had begun to understand that with the best of intentions, the furnishing might be still a great way off, and here it had come in the night! "Dropped down in the snow-storm," said Karl, "or might as well for all that we knew about."

Oh, that carpet! How shall I describe to you what it said to the beauty-loving little girl as her father and Karl spread the glowing thing on the floor and matched the breadths and then stood back in silent enjoyment. Christie looked and laughed and said:

"Oh, mother, only see the red berries! Doesn't it seem as though we could pick them? Oh, look at baby, she is going to try!"

Sure enough, the baby, after gazing in silence for a minute, scrambled down in haste, a business-like look on her face, stepped into the very centre of the glowing carpet, seated herself and dived after a handful of leaves and berries, then looked at her empty hand in grave surprise. Everybody laughed, but there was more than laughter in Mrs. Tucker's voice as she said: "It does remind me of the woods, Jonas—of that piece just behind grandfather's further barn where we walked one *afternoon, and picked checkerberries for* grandma, and gathered leaves to press for mother. Don't you remember?"

"And promised each other to walk through the wood together, always, after that," said Father Tucker, and there was an unusual sound in his voice too. "Yes, I remember it."

"And did you always walk together?" asked Nettie, who thought it sounded like a story of which she wanted to hear the end.

Then they laughed—that father and mother—until the tears started in their eyes, but the father answered Nettie: "Yes, we did, right straight through the woods, some of them thick and dark, but after all we most always found leaves and berries."

"Always," said the mother. And the older children dimly understood, but Nettie looked from one to another with a wondering little sigh, and said, "I wish you'd take me wiv you."

"Why, we did!" said both father and mother, and then they went off again into shouts of laughter, and even Karl and Christie were a little puzzled to know what it was all about.

Altogether the Tuckers never had such a day.

To be sure before its close the mother said that it was very fortunate that such days were rare; she did not know what would become of them if it were otherwise.

Strange things happened in the kitchen. *Matters that were not used to taking care of* themselves ran wild, and did as they pleased. The bread sponge pleased to get light before anybody thought of such a thing, and ran over the pan, making a sticky mess of the bread blankets, and then finding itself still unattended to, it sulked and soured and had to be coaxed and patted and sweetened with soda, *and tasted at last, Christie said, more* like "Sarah Ann's" bread than any that she had ever eaten in her mother's house before. This was only one of the many things that happened which should not have been. The baby was busy. Who ever knew an extra *day in a family with a baby, that she didn't* do a hundred unexpected and distracting *things? This baby tipped over a pail of* water on herself, and had to be dressed "to her skin," the mother said, whatever that strange-sounding sentence means, but this *did not compare with the last thing she* tipped over, which was a bowl of molasses, *and in that she dabbled, curly head and all,* until when discovered she was a sight to be*hold. Besides, she bumped her head twice,* and got a sliver in her finger. Altogether, *I think the most of the members of the* Tucker family breathed a sigh of relief when the day was done, and they *felt* that by the next morning they would probably awaken to take the world more naturally.

From that time for a week, much work was done. It was not the busy season on the little farm, so the mother gave herself steadily to the unusual work of putting the front room in order. The carpet was matched and cut and sewed. Everybody helped. The father, with Karl's help, matched and cut it. Karl, furnished with a large needle, carefully whipped the ends. Christie and her mother sewed steadily on the heavy seams.

Nettie threaded needles, and the baby believed herself to be assisting, when she took her small hand and gave the carpet a few earnest slaps. Nobody could understand just what that meant, until Karl suddenly rolling over on the floor, declared amid bursts of laughter that he believed that she was whipping it! After the sewing came the tacking. What a thing it was, to be sure, to get that heavy Brussels carpet laid smoothly and tacked firmly. Mr. Tucker, winter day though it was, mopped his hot forehead again and again with his handkerchief and declared that he would not have dreamt of its being such a job, and the people who ought to get the best wages going were the carpet men. But at last it was down, and beautifully down too, trust Jonas Tucker for doing well whatever he undertook.

"The last tack is in!" he called to the mother and Christie one afternoon. "Now come and look at it; it was a job, I tell you, and I never should have got it smooth if Karl hadn't held on like a soldier. But isn't it a beauty?"

I really suppose you have no idea what a difference that carpet seemed to make in the great front room. The walls had been made very white before it went down, and of course the woodwork was as clean as *hands could make it*, but who would have supposed that the bright carpet would seem to set everything about it into a glow of beauty! Then they moved in the furniture. It had occupied an unused room during this time, and been carefully covered, so that really they had never half seen its beauty. But when they took their places, the couch in the pretty niche between the mantel and the south window, and a lovely table in the centre of the room, and the great chairs which seemed to fill up all the broad spaces at the right and left of the front windows, and the other chairs arranged by the tasteful hand of the mother, I am sure I wish I could give you an idea of how the room looked to them. The three-cornered piece of furniture over which Christie and Karl had wondered before it was unpacked, was still an object of curious interest to Christie. It was tall, and had what she called a steeple top, beautifully carved, and it had many shelves, and it fitted into one of the corners of the long room as though it had been made for that particular spot. But what was the name of it, and what was to go on all those pretty shelves? "They can't be for dishes," said puzzled Christie, "for people don't keep dishes in their front rooms do they, mother!"

And the mother laughed, and said some people did, she supposed, but they had none to spare for the parlor. Then she brought forth her Eastern knowledge for the benefit of her little girl who had not been outside of her own plain home.

"I know the name of it, Christie; it is a what-not; and people keep their pretty things on it—vases, you know, and shells, and treasures of any kind, and books."

"Books," repeated Karl wistfully. What the boy wanted was books.

"Books!" repeated Christie eagerly. What the girl meant to have, some day, was books.

"Well, we haven't any yet. We'll fill ours with books when we get them, won't we, Karl? But we have no vases, nor shells, nor treasures of that kind; what will we put on until we get some? I like the name of it—'what-not.' Hasn't it a pretty sound? What can we put on it?"

Then the mother stood thoughtfully looking into the days that were gone. At last she spoke: "We might bring out the big Bible, Christie, for the lower shelf, and the pictures of your grandfather and grandmother. I have one of mine; your grandfather Tucker died before such things as

MOTHER TUCKER.

pictures were known; then I have a few shells your uncle James brought from the Pacific coast. Oh, we can dress it up, I think."

"There never seemed to be any place for it," said Mrs. Tucker as she carefully took the tissue paper from the clasps. "I laid it away for safe keeping. But I always meant to get it out when we furnished the room. It fits nicely on that shelf; I like to see it."

But neither she nor her daughter realized that new furniture was beginning already to work for the honor of the "Elder Brother."

(To be Continued.)

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT AT EASTER.

Old winter has gone at last, and left the sun at peace to his work of warming the ground and coaxing out of it the grass and flowers. But winter was icy cold this year. He stayed with us as long as he dared, kept his rough winds blowing, froze all the water he could spy out, and made the snow fall. The snow! It came falling, driving, whirling down, again and again, and so many times again, that the boys shouted themselves hoarse, and snow-balls were as common as sparrows, and commoner too, sometimes, for the sparrows lost one another in the storms. A merry old friend was winter! He kept the sleigh-bells jingling, and the boys on skates until even eight-year-old chaps learned the "Dutch Roll" and "Eights," and bad boys of all ages played "hookey." He hung more icicles than ever on our eaves and lamp-posts, and loaded the telegraph wires with ice until they broke and fell into tangles at the street corners.

But, oh! the gay parties, the sleigh-rides, the coasting (out of town), and the rollicking games that we had! The nut-crackings, corn-poppings, and candy-pulls! And then Christmas! Was there ever anything brighter than Christmas? Maybe not; indeed, I really think not. But hearken, children! The brightest part of it, half of you never saw. You listened to the old birthday story; you looked at the picture of Jesus in the manger, with St. John and the angels smiling at Him; but how many of you thought or wondered what it meant? Why does the Baby look straight into your faces, instead of turning His sweet smile to St. John or to one of the angels? Ah! that is the very bright thing you must remember. Because He was not born for the joy of St. John, or of any one in particular, but for all of us—every one—to be the Light of the World. So He smiles out of the picture into the face of whoever looks at Him, with the same love for the poorest little ragamuffin shivering at the corner or the lonely sick child lying in the hospital, or even the criminal shut in behind prison bars, as for you who have always had loving friends about you to guard and save you from misfortune. If all the children in the world could have that picture, and be told why the Baby looks into their faces so lovingly, they would grow up better men and women. Fewer of them would get into trouble; and when they did, the others would be more ready to help them out. It is well and fitting to show you now, at Easter-time, this picture of the child Jesus. You can have a better chance to think about it than at Christmas, when your toys, your fun, and your frolic make it easier to think of yourselves. It is fitting because we think now of another birth—of the new life which begins forever! Easter reminds us how Jesus began that new life; how, after all His long suffering, He rose to the life that is never-ending, and rising, pointed out the beautiful way for us all.

The grass springing up in the parks, buds coming on the trees, the little seeds swelling and bursting in the ground, and sending up leaves and stems, remind us every hour of new fresh life. Out-of-doors with you all! At the close of school, out into the fresh air, and shout for the spring. Spy out the first crocus and dandelion, and see if you can find a single one of all the bird-cottages in the parks "to let." Go into the country on holidays, and look for arbutus; open your eyes wide, and don't let a bit of the beauty escape you.

And if you should discover here and there a chance to point out bits of brightness to another whose eyes may be duller than yours, if you should see a way to help some one who is weaker, an opportunity to do any little kindly act for those less fortunate than you, seize upon the chance, and bless it for coming, for that will be the best way your young hands can take to point toward the glorious life which the old story tells us Jesus began on an Easter morning.—*Harper's Young People.*

CHRISTIE AT HOME.

A SEQUEL TO CHRISTIE'S CHRISTMAS.

By Pansy.

CHAPTER V.

The next thing was a stove. The young Tuckers could not believe it possible that one was really coming, but father and mother were agreed that such should be the case. "It was real queer," the mother said, but when they were in town the other day, they went into the stove store for a new shovel, and the man had offered them a second-hand stove as good as new, real cheap, and father had said then: "If we had anything to put with it in the front room we would buy that stove, for it is a bargain; and I don't know but we better, as it is, for we may never have so good a chance again." And they had talked about it all the way home, but it had seemed rather foolish to buy a stove when there wasn't another thing to help furnish with; and there, when they reached home, they found the furniture had come! So the first thing the father did next day was to send word to town that he would take that stove, and now he was going in to see about pipe and things, and bring out the stove. Wonderful times these, that had come to the Tuckers.

I am wrong, though, about the stove being the next thing. The next thing had been the writing of a letter to Mr. Thomas Fletcher. Christie's first letter!

It created a good deal of excitement in the Tucker family. The father himself went to town and bought a quire of nice paper and envelopes to match, and a new steel pen for Christie. She had a pen holder, and took daily lessons in writing, but the pen had done good service, and it was decided that for this occasion she ought to have a new one. "I thought I might as well get a quire while I was about it," Mr. Tucker said in a half-apologetic tone as his wife looked at the paper, and he fancied he saw surprise in her face at the quantity.

"Christie will be writing other letters maybe, as she grows older. I would like to have her write to her uncle Daniel once in a while, and there may be others; this Mr. Fletcher might write to her again."

Nobody thought this very probable, and as for writing to her uncle Daniel, or rather to his city wife, aunt Louise, Christie privately thought that she really would much rather write to Mr. Fletcher; she felt better acquainted with him. However, she rejoiced in her box of pretty paper, and gave it a place of honor on the wonderful what-not, and thereafter was busy during her leisure moments for two days, getting a letter ready to send to Mr. Fletcher. She wrote and re-wrote it on her slate, consulting with Karl over the sentences, until he knew them by heart, and sung them through the house to a popular tune, greatly to Christie's dismay.

At last the letter was written on one of the new sheets of paper, the envelope addressed by Christie's own hand, the important little green stamp affixed to the right-hand corner, and the document was ready for the mail. Not a bad-looking document either. You girls who dash off a letter every few days to somebody, being careless as to whether each word has the correct spelling, and each capital is in its place, and forgetting the punctuation marks altogether, and filling the lines with descriptions of things that were "perfectly splendid," when you only mean that they were very pretty, or talking of something that was "just horrid," when you only mean that it was rather unpleasant, need not have been ashamed to have had Christie's carefully written letter travel in the same mail bag.

Really, before it is sealed you shall have a peep at it, just to see what you think of the little girl who had never been to school a day in her life.

Kewaunee, Jan. 18.

"DEAR MR. FLETCHER:

"I remember you very well. I don't think I ever can forget you. I think of my journey on the cars a great deal. And now I have so many beautiful things to remind me of it all the time! I don't know how to thank you, but mother says if you knew how glad I was over them every day, she thinks you would be thanked. There was carpet enough for the front room and my room, and a nice large piece left over for mother's room. I wanted mother to have the whole one for hers, but she said that would not be polite to you, and that she would rather I had it anyway. I knew that, because she would rather we children should have things than to have them herself. I suppose mothers are always so.

"The carpet is the—I was going to say the prettiest one I ever saw, but I never saw one before, only a rag carpet, and this doesn't look any more like a rag carpet, it seems to me, than the sky looks like our blue washtub!

"It is most the prettiest thing I ever saw in my life. Except the moss, and the real true berries out in the woods in the spring, I think it is quite the prettiest. I would like to have you look in our front room, it is so nice. My brother Karl says he should not know that he had ever seen the room before, it is so changed.

"The sofa just fits a place between the mantel-piece and a window, and the two lovely chairs are by the south window, and when the sun shines on them, they look as though they were made of moss. I don't let the sun shine on them much for fear it will fade them; only once in a while, to make a picture. My little sister Nettie is trying to make a picture on her slate of one of the chairs, and she made one so natural that father said he could most sit down on it. The chair is large enough for mother and Nettie and the baby, and when father takes the other one, and has Karl on one side and me on the other, he says, 'Now, mother, we are seated in our treasures, and our treasures are seated with us; who so happy as we?'

"And we are truly very happy indeed, and you did it all! I cannot think why you and the Governor were so good.

"Father thinks perhaps I ought to write a letter to the Governor and thank him, but I am afraid to do that, for I don't know him so well as I do you, and if you would only be so kind as to tell him when he comes to see you, how much we thank him, I will be very glad, and I am sure he will like that better than to be troubled with a letter. The bedstead fits right into a niche in my room. Karl thought it would; he measured it with his eye. I didn't think so, but Karl was right; father says he has a very true eye, and that he ought to have a chance to learn mathematics. Karl says he is going to learn them without a chance; that he hasn't time to wait for any chances. The flowers on the bedstead and bureau are so natural that my little baby sister tries to pick them, and she tries to pick the berries from the carpet, too, and looks so surprised when they won't come.

"We are going to have a stove in the front room, and once in a while have a fire, so we can enjoy looking at all the lovely things. And now that we have the front room so pretty, we are going to invite the minister to tea. I wish you could come and visit with him; I know you would like him. His name is Mr. Keith. Mother thinks I am making my letter too long, and I do too; and it seems to me that I haven't thanked you much, after all. I don't seem to know how to do it. But I do feel so truly thankful in my heart, that I most want to cry sometimes, I am so happy. I want to ask you, sir, if you ever hear anything of that dear baby? I did love him so! I would like to see his sweet face and hear his pretty voice. I do hope he is well, and has kept his mother safe.

"Your grateful little 'sister,'

CHRISTIE TUCKER."

"For pity's sake, child!" the mother had said, "you are making that letter too long altogether."

"I know it," said Christie meekly. "But you see, mother, I don't know how to write a letter; I only just know how to talk to him as I did on the cars, and he is different from other people; he seems to like talk."

"I don't know about your telling him all that about your father and all of us sitting in the chairs, and about the children with their queer fancies, it sounds rather familiar. What will he care about all that?"

"I don't know why he cares," said Christie, positively, "but he did care to hear about us all; and asked questions, how old Nettie was, and how the baby looked, and all that. Why, mother, he is different from other people, you know. Why did he care to send me all those nice things, do you suppose?"

And then the mother said, "Sure enough, and perhaps he would like the letter; she should, she knew, if she were away from home and it were written to her." And Christie said that her desire had been to let him see things in the front room and see how nice they looked so that he would be pleased with all his work.

"You might have left that out about my having a true eye, and meaning to study mathematics; he certainly doesn't care for that, and it would have made the letter several lines shorter."

This was Karl's suggestion. But Christie declared that she wanted to say that, she didn't know why, she just felt as though it ought to go in and she meant to put it in. Still the letter did seem very long, and I don't know that it would have been sent, had not Mr. Keith come out to make a call on the very evening when they were talking it over, and what did the father do but say:

"Let's leave it to Mr. Keith, he is used to letters. Christie, read out your letter to him and see if he thinks it is too long or too familiar."

Then had Christie's cheeks grown very red, and she had whispered to her mother that she was sure she couldn't do that. But Mr. Keith had seemed to be very much interested, and had urged the reading, and besides Christie was in the habit of obeying her father, and her mother whispered to her that she might leave that part out about inviting him to tea; so with a frightened little voice she began the reading.

Nobody knew what was the matter with Mr. Keith; he got out his white handkerchief, and coughed, and wiped his mouth and his nose and his eyes; certainly he seemed to have taken a hard cold since he came into the warm, bright kitchen! But no sooner was the letter finished than he cleared his voice to say that not a line of it ought to be omitted. He thought the old gentleman would feel grieved if there were one word less than had been told him.

"I don't understand writing letters very well," Christie explained; "this is the first one I ever wrote, and I kept forgetting it was a letter and thought I was talking with him; he talked to me a good deal on the cars, and seemed to want to know about the children and everything."

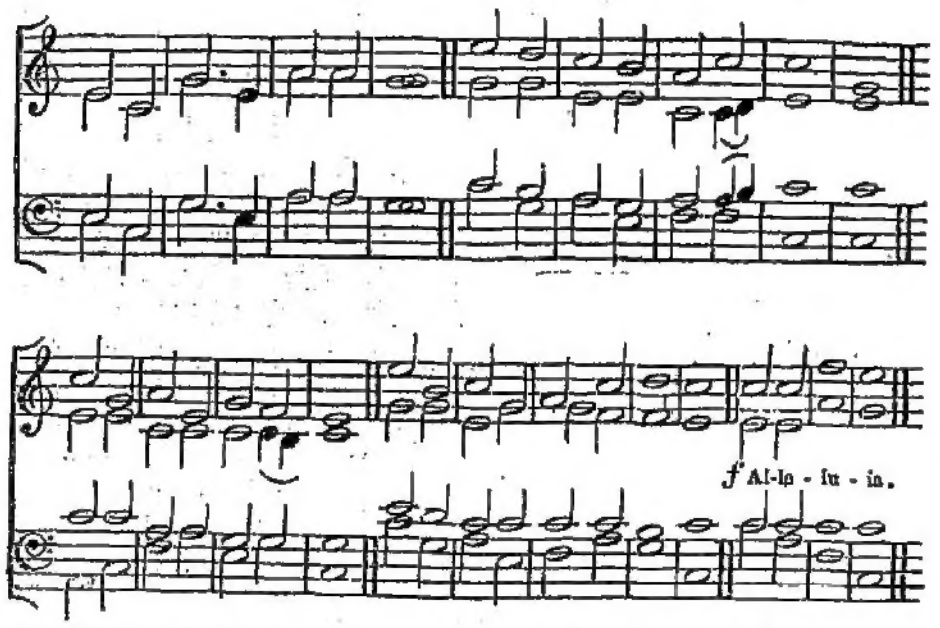
"Of course he did," Mr. Keith said, and then he added something over which Christie pondered curiously for many a day. "See here, Christie, if I were you, I would not try to learn how to write letters, I would just keep on talking to people when I wrote to them; I think it is the best way for you."

(To be Continued.)

Easter Hymn—Jesus Lives.

FRANCES E. COX. From the German.

"I am He that liveth and was dead; and behold I am alive for evermore, Amen; and have the keys of hell and of death."



Jesus lives! no longer now
Can thy terrors, death, appal us;
Jesus lives! by this we know
Thou, O grave, canst not enthral us.
Alleluia.

Jesus lives! henceforth is death
But the gate of life immortal;
This shall calm our trembling breath,
When we pass its gloomy portal.
Alleluia.

Jesus lives! for us he died;
Then alone to Jesus living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Saviour giving.
Alleluia.

Jesus lives! our hearts know well
Nought from us His love can sever;
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell
Tear us from His keeping ever.
Alleluia.

Jesus lives! to Him the Throne
Over all the world is given;
May we go where He is gone,
Rest and reign with Him in Heaven.
Alleluia.

PASS THEM ON.

When the Rev. Mark Pearse was about fourteen years old, he went to London, having been in a school in Germany. He stayed in London long enough to spend all his money, excepting enough to pay his fare to his home in Cornwall.

He went by train to Bristol, and there took passage on a vessel. He thought that the passage money included his board, and therefore ordered his meals that day.

At the end of the journey a dapper little steward presented a bill for meals to the lad.

"I have no money," said the surprised boy.

"Then," replied the steward, "you should not have taken your meals at the table. What is your name?"

"Mark Guy Pearse."

The steward closed his book, took the boy by the hand and said,—

"I never thought I should live to see you. My mother was in great distress years ago. My father had died suddenly, and your father was very kind to my mother and me. I promised myself then that if I could ever do so, I would show like kindness to some one your father loved."

The truly grateful steward paid the boy's bill, gave him five shillings, and sent him ashore in a boat rowed by five sailors.

Mark's father was waiting to receive his son.

"Father," said the boy, "it is a good thing to have a good father," and then the story of the steward's kindness was told.

"My lad," said Mr. Pearse, "it is long since I passed the kindness on to him in doing what I did. Now he has passed it on to you. As you grow up mind that you often pass it on to others."

Years afterwards, when the boy had become a man, he was going by rail on a short journey, when he saw a boy crying bitterly.

On asking the cause of his grief, the boy replied that he had not enough money by four-pence to pay his fare to the town in which he lived.

Mr. Pearse at once bought the boy a ticket, and then related his own experience on the steamer years before.

"And now," he concluded, "I want you to be sure and pass this kindness on to others if you are ever able to do so."

As the train left the station, the smiling boy waved his handkerchief and said,—

"I will pass it on, sir; I will pass it on."

Good deeds, kind acts—pass them on. Pass them on. The year awaits them—three hundred and sixty-five days—full of human needs.—*Youth's Companion.*

THE FIRST EASTER.

No sound of shouting men with victors' palms,
No singing maidens with triumphant lay,
No splendid priests with offerings and psalms,
Went forth to keep with Christ first Easter Day.

Poor Mary's sigh,
Her joyful cry,
Her flying feet,
Her message sweet
Unto the brethren in their bitter need:
"The Lord is risen! The Lord is risen indeed!"

This was the pealing song, the Easter cry,
The thunder in the trumpets that should blow
The joyful news to lands both far and nigh,
Till every sky with Easter light shall glow.

And every race
Know Easter grace,
In every tongue
Be sweetly sung
The Easter song that Mary still doth lead:
"The Lord is risen! The Lord is risen indeed!"
—*Selected.*

THE EASTER BUTTERFLY.

George and Ella were in the garden, helping to gather the last of the fruit from the big apple-tree under which they had played all the summer. One large red apple fell on the walk, and rolled away under the gooseberry hedge, and Ella knelt down to look for it. But as she was about reaching under the bushes, she suddenly started back with a scream. "Oh, Georgie, such a horrid, horrid caterpillar!"

George, who hated caterpillars, and thought that they did a great deal of harm in gardens took up a stick to kill this one. "Stop, George; let us see what he is doing."

It was a very large and very ugly caterpillar, hanging to a twig of the gooseberry bush. He was curled up in almost a circle, and moving his head busily from side to side. A great many fine threads were twisted all around him.

"He is trying to get out of that cobweb," said Ella.

"No; he is making the web himself," said George, looking closely. "See how he is spinning out the threads, and winding them round himself."

"Yes," said Aunt Kate, quietly, "he is spinning his shroud. Don't disturb him, and to-morrow we will come and see what he has done."

So next day they came again into the garden, and looked under the gooseberry bush. But instead of the caterpillar, they found, hanging to the twig, a little dry brown case, or cocoon, which George said looked very much like the stump of an old cigar.

"He is in there," said Aunt Kate. "That is his coffin."

"Why, Aunt Kate! a caterpillar burying himself in a shroud and a coffin?"

"Yes; he has spun himself a fine silken shroud, and fastened himself up in a coffin."

"Is he dead?" asked Ella.

"You would think so if you could see him. He is nothing now but a little hard, dry shell, which neither moves nor breathes. He can neither see nor hear."

"Then he must be dead," said George.

"No, not dead; there remains a spark of life in the little dried-up body. By-and-by, when the right time comes, you will see him burst out of that shroud and coffin, but not as an ugly caterpillar; he will be a beautiful butterfly with lovely wings."

"Why, Aunt Kate!" they both exclaimed, in surprise.

But Aunt Kate was standing with a dreamy, far-away look in her blue eyes, and a soft sweet smile on her lips. George said she looked as though she saw the air full of beautiful butterflies. And at that Aunt Kate smiled, and kneeling down, tied a bit of silk thread around the little cocoon, and took it gently off the twig. "It shall hang on a nail in your room," she said to Ella, "and in the spring we shall see what will happen."

So all through the winter the poor caterpillar, in his shroud and coffin, hung on the wall, near the ceiling, where he might be out of harm's way. More than once George and Ella were tempted to take the cocoon gently off the nail; and feeling how light it was, and how it rattled with a dry, hollow sound, they could not believe that any life remained in it. But Aunt Kate told them to have faith in what she said, until they should see with their own eyes.

On Easter-eve the children were seated before the fire, coloring eggs. Aunt Kate was explaining to them that the festival of Easter was in remembrance of our Lord's resurrection from the tomb.

"It was wonderful, when He had been three whole days dead," said Ella, solemnly.

"Yes, but we shall all rise from our tombs as our Saviour did," said George; "Mr. Danton told us so last Sunday. I know it must be true. But, Aunt Kate, it seems such a wonderful thing to believe."

"Do you believe, George, that that poor dried-up insect on the wall there will ever come out of its tomb a beautiful creature with wings?"

"I don't know," said George, doubtfully. "He seems too dead ever to come to life again."

"I believe he will, because Aunt Kate says so," said Ella; and Aunt Kate smiled.

"That is having faith," said she.

Next morning was Easter-Sunday—a bright, lovely day, almost as warm and bright as summer.

"Auntie," cried Ella, rushing into the room with her hands full of white and yellow crocuses, "see what I have found in the garden! These dear flowers poking their little yellow heads out of the ground, and looking as if they were staring around to see if spring had come. Isn't it wonderful how they could come up out of the earth so clean and bright?"

"So the little dry balls which have lain all winter in the cold dark ground have come to life again," said Aunt Kate. "But now put them in water, and let us go to breakfast."

Ella went into her own room, which was next to Aunt Kate's, to get a little blue china vase for the flowers. But in a moment she called out; "Oh, auntie, come and see! There is a hole in the cocoon!"

Sure enough, when Aunt Kate came, she saw that a large hole had been made in one end of the cocoon, and that it was empty.

Then she looked carefully all over the room, and while she was doing so, Ella suddenly gave a cry of wonder and delight. On the window-seat in the bright sunshine was a large and beautiful butterfly, lightly balancing himself, and slowly waving his gold and purple wings to and fro.

"Oh, Aunt Kate, can that be our ugly caterpillar turned into such a beautiful butterfly?"

"Yes, this is the poor ugly worm which once crawled on the ground, and did nothing in all its life but search for food. He has broken his tomb, as you see, and come forth a lovely winged creature, to fly in the air, and rest upon flowers, and sip dew and honey from their fragrant blossoms."

"How he trembles!" said Ella; "and why does he wave his wings so?"

"He is getting them ready for flight. And perhaps he trembles from joy to find himself what he is."

"Auntie," said Ella, in a low voice, and with a very grave look, "do you think we shall be as beautiful and as happy when we come out of our graves, and find ourselves angels with wings?"

"No doubt of it," Aunt Kate replied, softly. "A thousand times more beautiful and happy."

"If we are good while we are caterpillars."

"Yes, if we are good."

Ella stood a long time looking at the beautiful insect. Her heart was full of a solemn wonder and awe at this great miracle, as it seemed to her.

"If the caterpillar could have known," she said, "while he was a poor ugly worm, that he would some time be a beautiful butterfly, I think he would have been glad to bury himself up in that coffin. And, Aunt Kate, it seems strange that he should have come out of his grave on Easter day, our Lord's resurrection day. Perhaps it was to teach Georgie and me an Easter lesson. George will believe it now."

Just then the butterfly slowly lifted himself on his wings, fluttered around in a circle, and settled quivering and trembling on the crocus blossoms. So they left him there while they went down to breakfast.—*Selected.*

TOTAL ABSTINENCE is a closed issue. No intelligent man now, in face of the record of life assurance societies, dares recommend anything like moderate indulgence. I hold that this century has settled it that total abstinence is the only safe thing. Eighteen states of this Union are now teaching their children that total abstinence is required by the latest light of science. And the same number of states, also, are giving instruction against all kinds of narcotics; and let the pulpit say Amen!—*Joseph Cook.*

Question Corner.—No. 7.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. Can you name the prophet hired by two wicked men to frighten Nehemiah?
2. Who was David's grandfather's nurse?
3. Who slew a man having twenty-four fingers and toes?
4. Who was compared to a wild roe?
5. What man ruined a city and sowed it with salt?
6. Who slew his brother's murderer?

EASTER ENIGMA.

1. The apostle whom our Saviour rebuked for want of faith.
2. One who, in endeavoring to ruin another, worked his own ruin.
3. The name of a village near Jerusalem.
4. A brother of Rebecca, Isaac's wife.
5. The name of David's grandfather.
6. The name of Jacob's wife.
7. One of the gods of the Philistines.
8. The country for which Paul sailed after his hearing before Agrippa.
9. A fellow-prisoner of the apostle Paul.
10. One of the sons of Jacob.
11. The name by which God's chosen people were called.
12. The father of Nachor.
13. A king whom the children of Israel served eighteen years.
14. A mighty hunter.

The initials declare one of the most glorious facts of the gospel history.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 6.

SCRIPTURE SCENE.—SHECHEM.

We are told in Genesis xii. 6, that "Abraham passed through the land, unto the place of Shechem, unto the plain of Moreh." This should be the oak of Moreh, a well-known tree or trees apparently, for we find in Deuteronomy xii. 30, "the plains (oaks) of Moreh." These oaks are said to be near mounts Ebal and Gerizim, on which Shechem was situated. Under such a tree, the patriarch spread his tent on his first coming into Canaan. Possibly this is the oak under which Jacob hid the strange gods and earrings belonging to his family. Other oaks are mentioned in this neighborhood, as in Judges ix. 37, the plain of Meonenim might be rendered the *oaks of the enchanters*. It is a spot fitted for the growth of huge trees. Travellers in that country speak of the luxuriant growth of olive, mulberry, and fig, which are still found there, although Palestine is a much drier country than it was in Bible times. The places in England most resembling it, I should think, are the valleys of Derbyshire, where you sometimes walk along the bank of a stream, with cliffs rising straight up on either side, or, as at Matlock, swelling hills replace the cliffs, and rise to a much greater height. Just in this way Ebal and Gerizim guard the vale of Shechem. We are told that near Shechem, in one place, the cliffs are not more than 300 feet apart. Hence when the Levites and people were arranged, half on one side, and half on the other, the voices of either party could easily be heard by the others, and they would know when to join in the loud Amen! that followed.

Jotham, Gideon's youngest son, spoke a parable to the men of Shechem, and it is to be noticed that in his parable he names the olive, the fig, and the vine, just the trees that are most abundant there now. Also, he was able to make himself heard by the men of Shechem, and yet run away in safety when he had done. In Switzerland, the inhabitants are able to pitch their voices so as to talk from one mountain-side to another. No doubt Jotham did the same; and if he spoke from the top of one of the precipices which overlook the modern town of Nablous, on Mount Gerizim, there would be no chance of catching him, however much his enemies might thirst for his blood.

Jacob's well is still shown at some distance eastward of the modern town. In the valley itself there are abundant springs of water; the streams run down the hill-sides, and along the valleys, keeping up a perpetual freshness in the heat of summer, while in winter the waters roar along the narrow streets. But Jacob's flocks were perhaps shut off from the hill-sides and the streams. He fed them on the plains, and had to dig a well, as his father and grandfather had done. The well is still of great depth, but very much of it has become filled up with loose stones and rubbish, so that there are but a few feet of water.

The foundations of the Temple may still be traced, and the few Samaritans who remain, cling to their ancient belief, though we have seen the fulfilment of Jesus' words, that "neither in this mountain, nor yet in Jerusalem, shall men worship the Father."

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from Herbert Goodove, Hannah E. Greene, Albert Jesse French, and Jennie Lygut.

CROSS WORD PUZZLE.

In three not in four,
In much not in more,
In wet not in dry,
In wheat not in rye,
In few not in many,
In Kate not in Fanny,
In week not in day,
In milk not in whey,
In young not in old,
In meek not in bold,
In get not in gain,
In ease not in pain,
In bliss not in woe,
In come not in go,
In one not in all,
In great not in small,
In sweet not in gall,
In cry not in call,
And my whole will doubtless prove, a paper which you love. S. MOORE.

THE PRIZE BOOKS.

A NUMBER DESPATCHED LAST WEEK—WHAT OUR WORKERS THINK OF THEM.

Last week we despatched several copies of the books earned by our workers, and hope to receive another consignment in a few days when they also will be immediately sent off. It is a disappointment both to ourselves and our canvassers that delays have occurred in the despatch of some of the books chosen, but the supply having been exhausted, we have to wait till the publishers can obtain more for us. Our friends express themselves as well pleased with the result of their labors, and are perfectly satisfied with the books they have received. Those who are entitled to a prize who have not yet had it are assured that there shall be no unnecessary delay on our part in such being forwarded to them.

We should like to receive a good many well filled lists during this and next month, and hope to be able to report that we have done so.

THEY ALL LOOK FOR IT.

"We have had it in our family for three or four years," writes a young lady from Clay Centre, Kansas, renewing some subscriptions for the *Northern Messenger*, "and to say we are pleased with it would hardly express our appreciation of it. We look for it from one number to another, not only the little ones, but papa, mamma and grandma." This capital little paper is alike suitable for old and young, and its extremely low price places it within the reach of all.

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